

5 MEDIC'S

1944



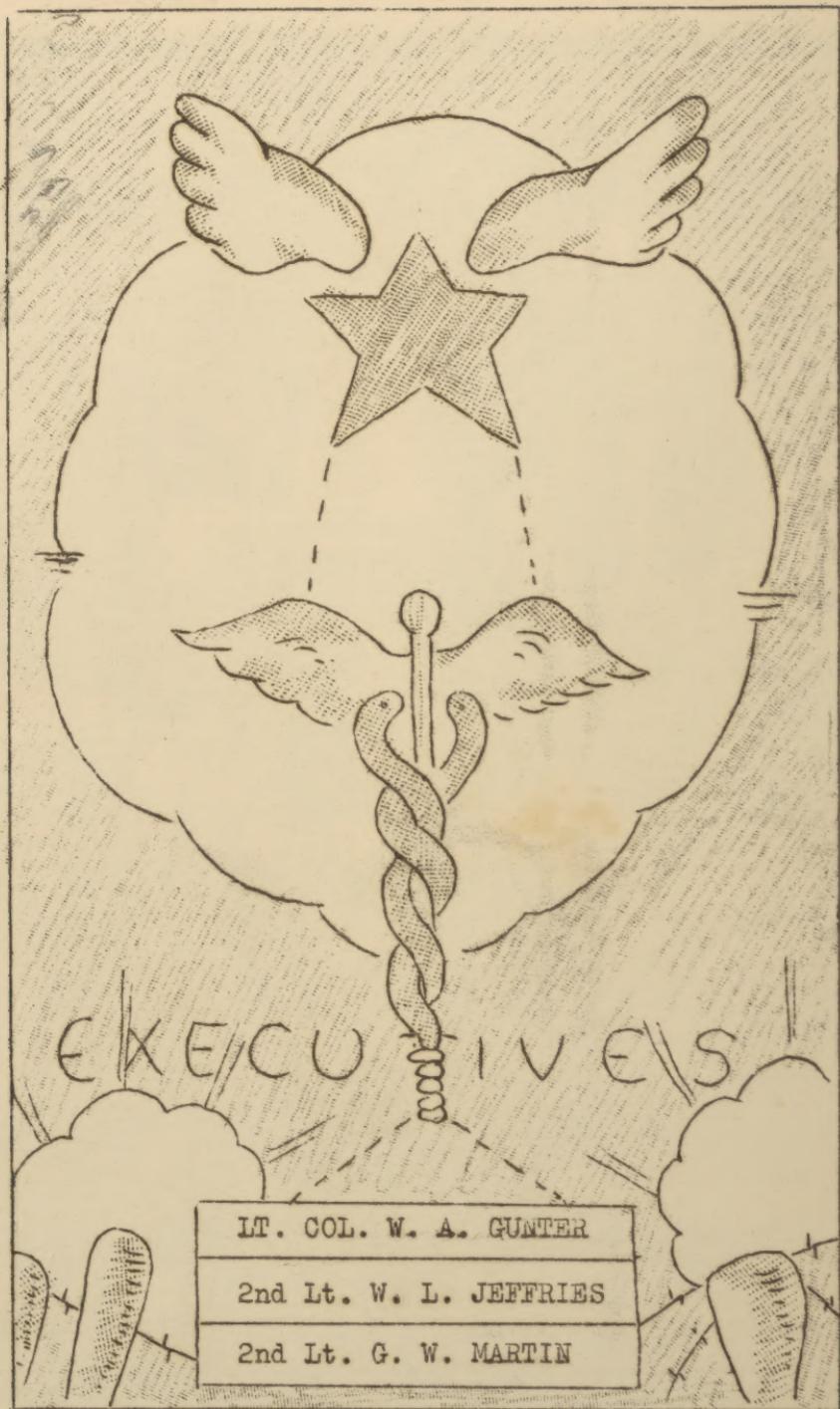
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MEDICAL

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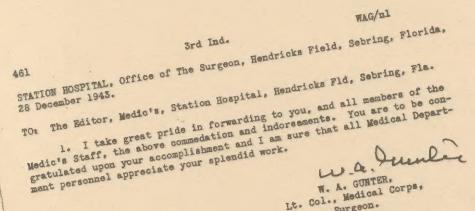
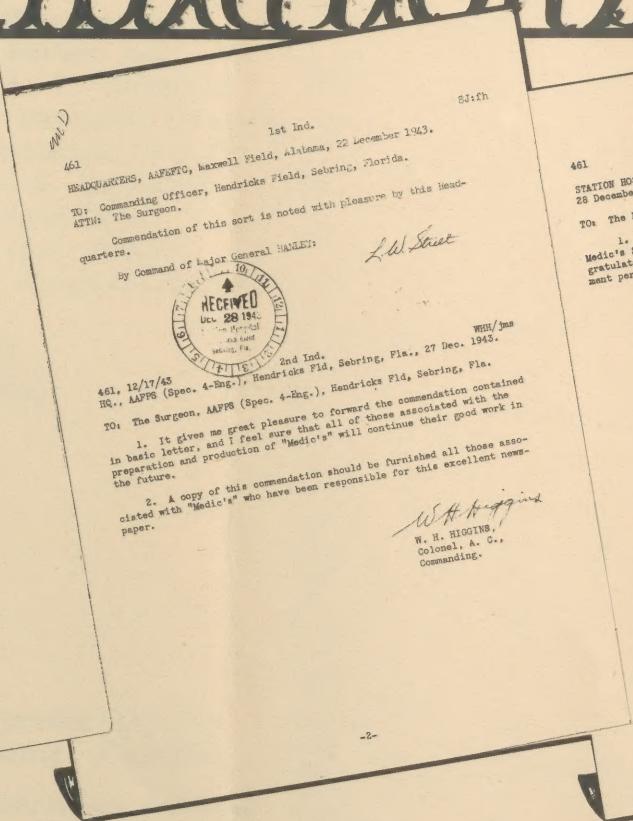
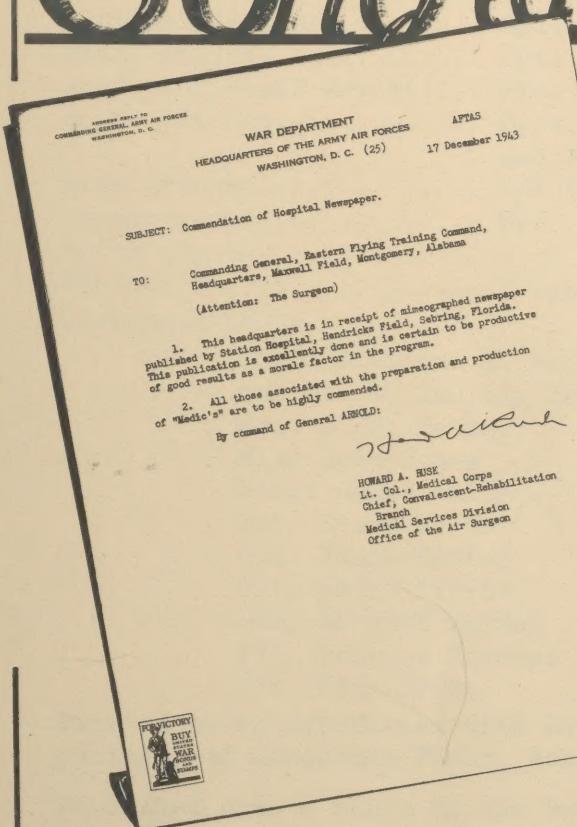
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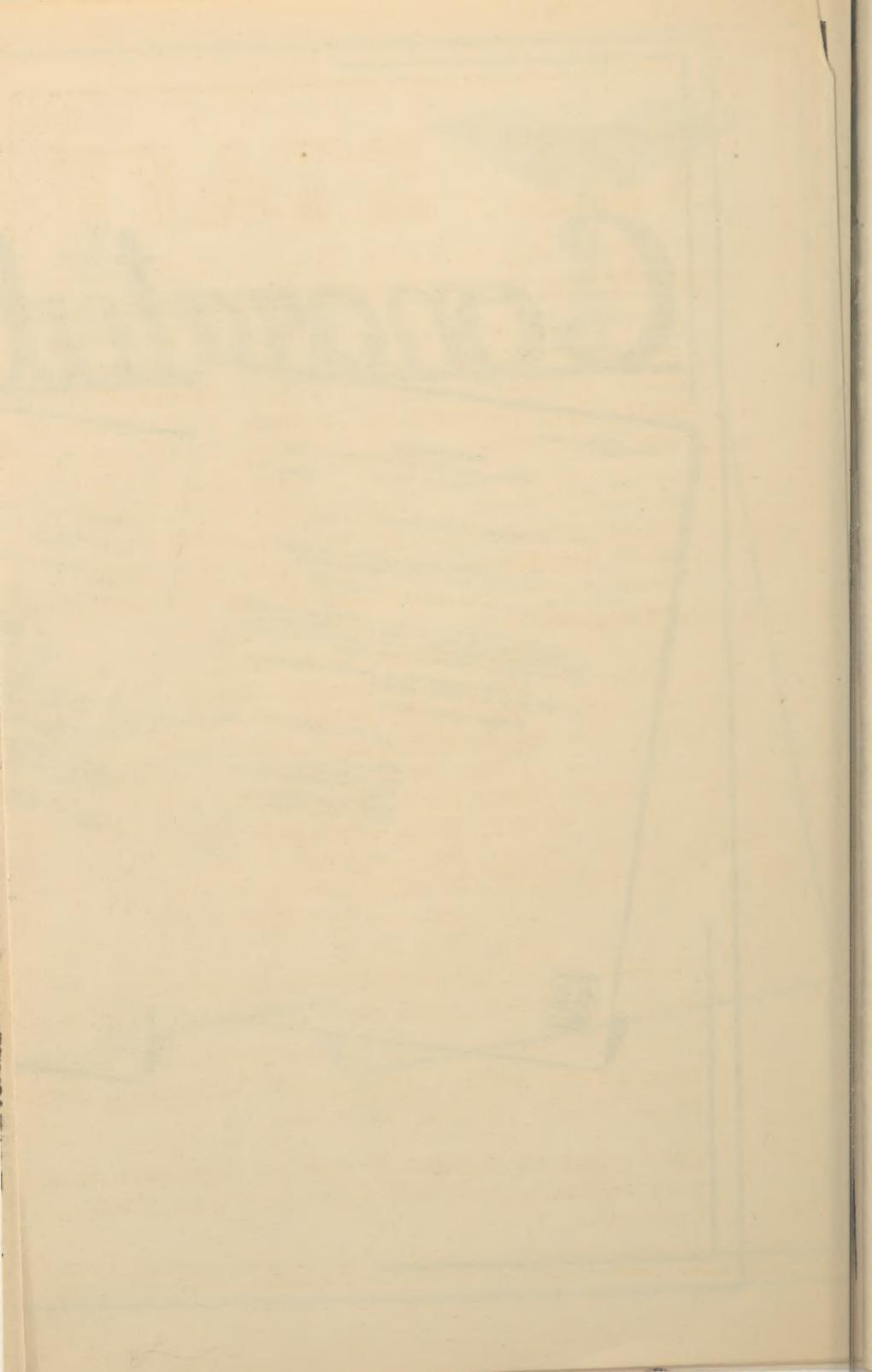
JANUARY

STATION HOSPITAL - HENDRICKS FIELD - VOL I * 7



Congratulations





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Ye Editor Speaks

Our political and military development for '43 is one of brightness, but in a deeper sense it is a warning of what yet remains to be done before victory is ours.

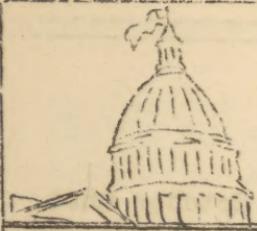
The star of liberty shines brighter and with promise----- promise of opportunity to be won in blood on the battlefield.

The year of '43 was one of preparation. The Allies established superiority in the air, on land, and on the sea. They consolidated their communication lines everywhere. Whenever they met the enemy, they defeated him and drove him back.

But the biggest job is still ahead of us-- by us, we mean those back home as well as those on the battlefronts. Only by the unity of all, and by tireless effort can we achieve the result of our slogan.

"Victory in '44"

--Avstreich

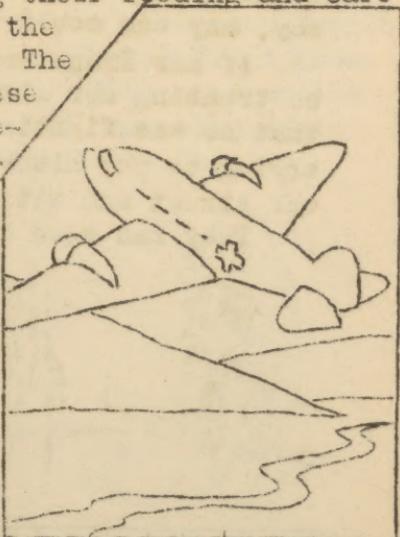


The

PRESIDENT DIRECTS! ELSIE S. OTT

2ND LT A.N.C.

Awarded Air Medal for meritorious achievement in an aerial flight from India to the U.S., Jan. 17 to 23, 1943. Lt. Ott served as nurse for five patients who were being evacuated from India to Washington, D.C. This was the pioneer movement of hospitalized personnel by air over a great distance. Several of these patients were suffering from serious ailments which required constant attendance and vigilance on the part of Lt. Ott. In addition to her nursing duties, she was responsible for arranging for the feeding and housing of the patients en route, the transportation and stowing of their baggage, as well as making all financial arrangements involving their feeding and care while at ground bases not under the control of the Army Air Forces. The successful transportation of these patients was made possible largely by the efficiency and professional skill of Lt. Ott and her unflagging devotion to duty. It further demonstrated the practicability of long-range evacuation by air of seriously ill and wounded military personnel from theaters of operations and reflected great credit upon Lt. Ott and the Army Nurse Corps.



Faith

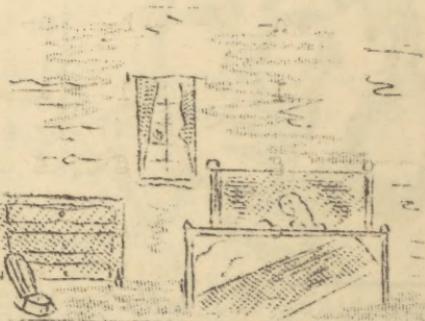
By S/Sgt James E. Palmer

It was a dark and rainy night in October when Peter Thomas first saw the light of this world. If his little mind could have comprehended, he would have seen a small, one room apartment containing a shoddy dresser, broken rocking chair and a wooden bed. The wind sounded like the wail of a banshee as it zoomed through the cracks and crevices of the creaky old place.

Thomas's mother, a pretty young girl who had not seen more than twenty summers, tried vainly to keep her young one warm as she wrapped him tighter in his little blue blanket, and kissed his tiny pug nose. Oh, how much he looked like his father. People say all babies look alike but mothers know different. He looked just like Frank. Why, any one could see that.

If her Frank were only here now, they would not be treating her like they were. Wasn't it enough that he was fighting to protect them all, without trying to put his wife and new born child out on the street and with no place to go.

They had been happy and cozy in their own little place, when the notice came for Frank's induction. What little they had saved went to pay off the debt on the car and furniture. Now all of it was gone, piece by piece, as they needed the money. First, it was her



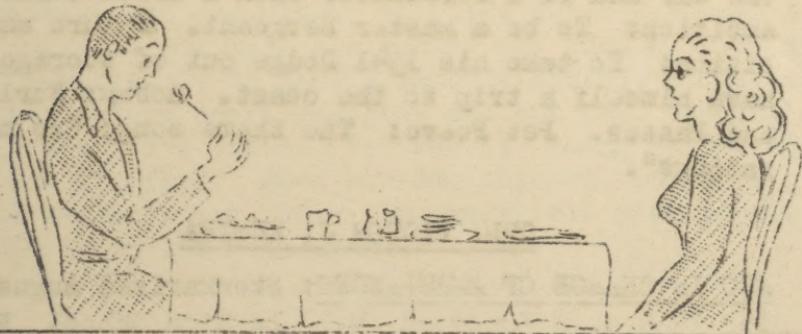


operation, then Frank's mother, a widow, died and it was more expense. It took money to travel when Frank was transferred, and she wanted to be with him as much as possible. She had lived in rotten and stinking hotel rooms that were nothing but fire traps, private homes, some nice and some not; but it was always the same story, the good old American dollar, first last and always.

Then came the fatal day. Frank was going overseas and she about to become a mother. It just couldn't be. God would not let them, no, no, no.

The last day Frank was home she made everything he liked, ham and eggs, home baked coffee cake, apple pie and cheese, grilled steak and French fried potatoes. She was bright and smiley. They were smiles that shown like the sun one minute, and then again

(Cont'd. on Page 43)



Silhouettes

By Cpl. Newman



TEC 4 BERNARD ANGER

WARDMASTER: Storkarized June 13, 1908 at Buffalo, New York. Received all his education there. Played Varsity baseball and football until a broken arm cut short a promising athletic career. Migrated to the Empire city where he was employed in the medical department of a large insurance company. Became a practical male nurse licensed by the State of New York. Entered the Army on April 27, 1942 and came to Hendricks Field on May 8th of the same year. Has been at this station ever since.

Florida scenery is old stuff with Ben. During civilian life spent his vacations here. His past experience makes him a "Natural" for the wardmaster post and his ward is noted for the efficient manner in which it is run. In the field of entertainment, prefers legitimate stage shows. Next comes popular music and good books. Is also famous around the hospital for his up to the minute knowledge of world events. Keeps his fingers on the pulse of the war and is a forecaster with a sixth sense.

Ambition: To be a Master Sergeant. Future ambition: To take his 1941 Dodge out of storage and have himself a trip to the coast. Hobby: Furloughs and Passes. Pet Peeve: The theme song; "No more ratings".

CPL. VICTOR J. KUSTRA

NCO IN CHARGE OF AMBULANCES: Storkarized August 15, 1915 at McKeesport, Pa. In High School, Vic

starred in both football and baseball. Began earning his keep as a soft drink mixer in a bottling Company. From 1936 until his entry into the army on October 21, 1941, employed by the U. S. Steel Corp as a Pipe Tester. Arrived at Hendricks in February 1942. Greeted with 13 straight days of KP. Helped start the first ward in the hospital, now known as Ward 7. Next assignment was ambulance driver. Promoted to Corporal in charge of men and machines. Also right hand man in the dispensary and known as the best shot man in the Southeast. First of the Medics to get a medal for driving. Vic is a real personality kid. That sunny smile and happy disposition really get you. His taste in entertainment leans toward movies and beer parties. Likes all sports, particularly hunting and fishing. Can shake a mean leg to the tune of a good Polish Folia. Pet Peeve: Hitler and Tojo.



PFC CATHERINE G. ROSE

WARD ATTENDANT: Storkarized October 14, 1919 at Monessen, Pa. Graduated from Monessen High. Experienced in Hospital work leaving the Monongahela Hospital, where she was employed, to join with the armed forces, which

was on February 10th, 1943. Arrived at Hendricks with the first WAC contingent. Principal duty is in the OB ward. Is the youngest of 7 children and admits she was plenty spoiled. Her boy friend is overseas and upon his return the knot will be tied. (Ambition is to have a baker's dozen). Roller skating is the sport she goes all out for. Camping also gives her a thrill. Pet Peeve: Being called "Rosie the Riveter". Even her mom objects. So let's give a new nickname, boys, to one of the most popular WAC's in the Detachment.

How The Army cares for your boy IF HE IS WOUNDED



If he is wounded... these are the words that run through your mind as you read the headlines... the thought that often steals out of the darkness as you lie awake wondering, hoping.

If he is wounded... Yes, you must face that possibility. But face it realistically. Face it with facts.

The U.S. Army Medical Department is the best trained, best equipped, in the world. Within minutes, often seconds, after a fighter falls, courageous and expert Army medical soldiers are at his side, easing his pain, giving him intelligent emergency treatment.

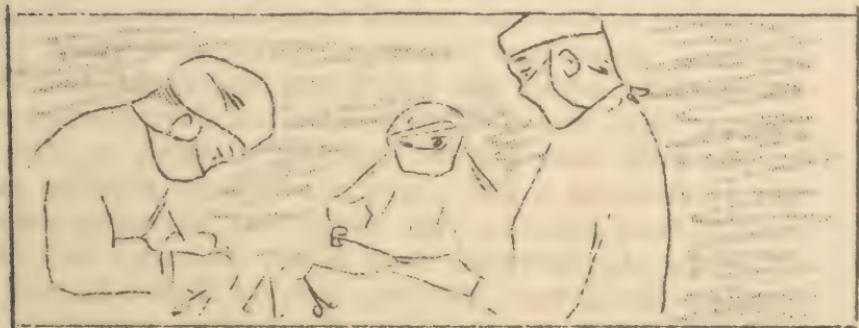
Then, he is rushed back where skillful doctors and surgeons speed him on the road to recovery.



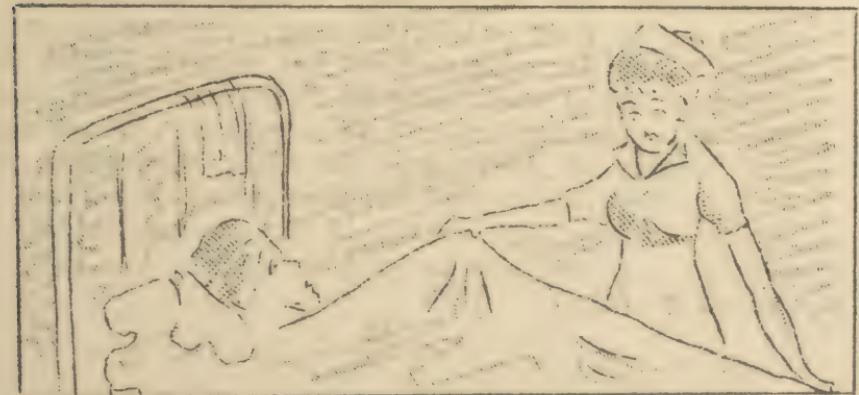
Faster help than he would get at home. Medical soldiers give blood plasma within 500 yards of the fighting front.



Air ambulances rush the wounded to well-equipped hospitals. 14,000 were flown to recovery in Africa.



Gangrene and tetanus have been virtually wiped out. The finest surgical care is given within combat zones.

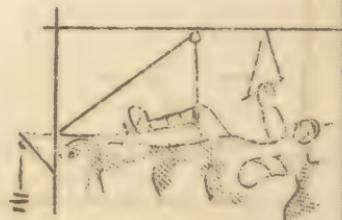


At convalescent and General Hospitals, out of the fighting area, wounded men are rehabilitated. The record speaks for itself: 97% are saved.

(A tribute to the members of the U.S. Army Medical Department, by Johnson and Johnson).

The Effervescent Convalescent

By Capt. Pierce -



S/SGT WILLIAM R. MALOY with five years of army service, three and a half of which were spent in the Pacific area, was the first man visited this month. Sgt. Maloy claims New York City as his home. In the very near future expects to marry a girl he met in Bermuda a few years ago. This soldier has really been places. The Sarge was sleeping peacefully in his barracks that black December day at Hickham Field when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and all hell broke loose. He will always remember Pearl Harbor even when some of us are inclined to forget. One of his jobs was to fly on missions to Guadalcanal and neighboring islands and take in supplies of food, clothing, medicine and countless other items so necessary to the fighting men. Most of these trips were made in C33's and C52's, and many times he went along as co-pilot. Maloy ran into plenty of excitement on these jaunts, for Jap Zeros were very active in that area. Also saw service during the battle of Midway evacuating the wounded. Good luck to you, Sergeant, you have earned a rest.



- - - - -

PFC CHARLES SQUIRES is another veteran of foreign service with thirteen months in the Hebrides Islands to his credit. Squires, too, is on the verge of marriage, and intends to march to the altar in a very short time. Charlie is

from Brownstown, West Virginia, and is an expert on that mysterious subject RADAR. He was on his way to a re-distribution center at Miami Beach when taken ill. Has high praise for the medical care he has received here and likes the chow. After eating that food out on the islands, his present rations taste mighty good. Chow hounds take note. On that well known subject of "three day passes" Charlie has this to say; "There is no such thing as a three day pass out there, and if there were, where in the hell would you go?" According to Charlie, the island natives were very friendly and were of a Melanesian tribe. They wore few clothes, believed in voodoo, and were hard working people. They were fed and given medical aid by the United States Army. He has experienced many bombing raids and has seen our P40's, B17's and A20's in action many times. As to the weather in the Hebrides, he relates it is hot as hell and often rains as much as three times a week, making it very uncomfortable for the boys. In Charlie's opinion, it is even worse than Sebring. Good luck, Squires, you have already done your share in the big fight.



There are forty-seven rules for winning a war. The first is to fight. Never mind the other forty-six.

(M)EDICAL

No. 5

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

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12				13	14	U	B			16		
17				18		C		20		21		
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				25		L						
26	27					C		28	29		30	
31						R		32				
33				34		A	35			36		
37				38		M		39		40		
				41	42	I		43				
44						D		45				

Horizontal

- 1) A lifetime
- 4) Painful spasmodic muscular contrac-tion
- 7) The sheath of a nerve fiber
- 10) Dementia or fatuity
- 11) Severe colic due to intestinal obstruc-tion
- 12) Any winglike process
- 13) Scabies
- 16) Joined
- 17) Right ear(abbr.,L)

Vertical

- 1) A contagious eruptive fever.
- 2) A plant with aperient and diuretic properties
- 3) A period of time
- 4) Let him take (abbr.,L.)
- 5) Chloroazodin, U.S.P.
- 6) Innermost membrane en-veloping the brain
- 7) A unit of nutrition
- 8) A normal state of the senses
- 9) Burnt (L.)
- 14) An element (symbol)

19) Solidified water 15) Prefix signifying
 21) Let it be taken (abbr.L) contrary.
 22) Secretion of the seba- 18) Prefix signifying
 ceous glands above.
 24) A purgative 20) A body made up of co-
 25) Small pills hering particles (L.)
 26) An organic compound 23) One of the parts into
 28) A star-shaped group of which a zygote divides
 chromosomes
 31) A nerve cell with all 24) A five pointed figure
 its processes
 32) To awaken 26) A lasting mark or trace
 33) An elastic aeriform 27) Pertaining to a cough
 fluid
 34) A poultice (abbr.L) 29) A medicinal decoction
 36) Let it be labeled 30) To examine closely
 (abbr., L.) 34) Prefix signifying with
 37) - person; applied to 35) A decoction of a
 certain stammerers medicinal plant.
 38) An artery accompanying 38) Heart (L.)
 a nerve trunk 39) Position of fetus in
 40) Amalgam (abbr.) 42) An element (symbol)
 41) A glucoside 43) State of being
 44) Pertaining to the cheek
 45) Prefix signifying false

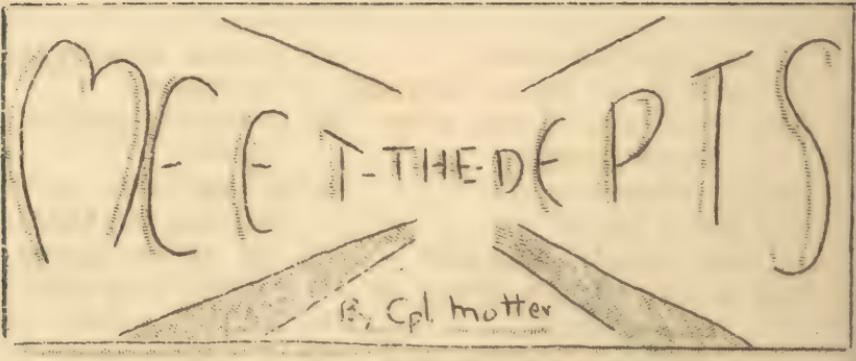
(Answers in next issue)

NOTE: Another handsome genuine leather writing portfolio will be awarded for solution of this month's puzzle.

Published through the courtesy of Wallace and Tiernan Products, Inc.

A	C	U	E		F	K	U	B	E
I	A	M	P	R	S	N	C	M	A
B	L	O	A	R	V		O	L	V
A	Z	G	C	H	L	R	A	N	O
	E	T	E	T	H	M	A	N	A
C	H	A	M	E	H	T		T	
H	E	A	L	L	C	R	D	I	M
L	I	B	F	U	S	E	P	A	
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N	I	T	U	N	A	G	T	I	S
E	C	Y	R	S	A	!	T	E	A

Solution of Puzzle No 4-



UNIT SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

Lt. Wm L. Jeffries, Cpl D. Monetta, Tec 5 D. Spinelli

This month your correspondent had the pleasure of interviewing one of the smallest and yet one of the most active departments in the Medical Detachment. Namely the Unit Supply. It is here where the office and the enlisted men come daily, bringing complaints about their clothing and other articles of issue, and asking the hundred and one questions regarding salvage, exchange, the repair and countless other details that are handled so competently by the members of this department.

The station commander designates a "Custodial Officer" from the station complement. LT. JEFFRIES, the Officer in charge of Supply, signs memorandum receipts for all base and garrison equipment issued to the organization, and is responsible for the return of the equipment to the Post Property Officer when no longer required, and for effecting adjustment of any shortages.

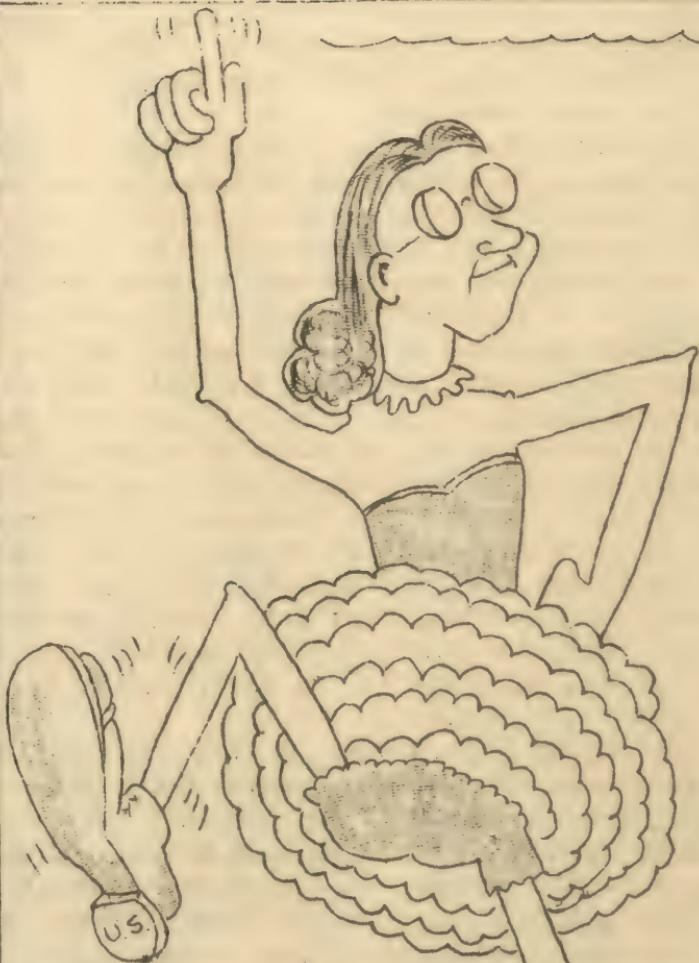
The Unit Supply Officer may appoint or request responsible non-commissioned officers to act as his authorized representative to make receipts for Property issued to their organization. This authorization, when presented to the appropriate accountable property officer or supply officer, will constitute his authority to issue the property to the authorized representative. The signature of these

non-commissioned officers will be accepted by property officers, supply officers and property auditors as valid receipts.

The simplified system of accounting established by the Supply Department is provided to reduce the heavy burden of administrative procedures and paper work. However, the same care is taken of all equipment and supplies, and the same economy observed in its use as is required under a formal accounting procedure. In view of the increasing difficulty experienced in procurement of adequate supplies for the armed forces, it is of the utmost importance that the resources of the army be conserved. Supply officers and their assistants will require all members of the command to be thoroughly indoctrinated with these principles. It is through the efforts of this Department that enlisted personnel are impressed with the fact that loss, damage or destruction of equipment through their neglect, carelessness, or willfullness is, in fact, giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

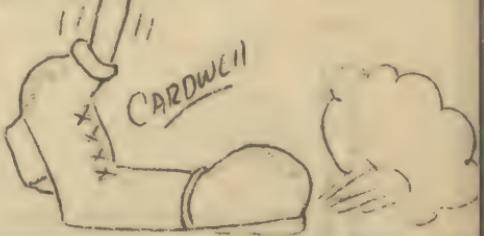
The Supply Department, by frequent inspection and check made by the non-commissioned officers in charge, will insure that the property book reflects the true status of the equipment within the detachment, that the prescribed equipment for the unit is complete and that there is no waste, misuse or over-accumulation of property. Individual responsibility for property is enforced by statement of charges or report of survey to cover the loss, damage or destruction of property.

A great deal of the credit goes to the Unit Supply for keeping the men of the Medical Detachment one of the neatest and best clothed outfits on the Post.



Medical Dept's
Pin DRESSY-ULR

No. 47



Officers

TID BIT & WIT

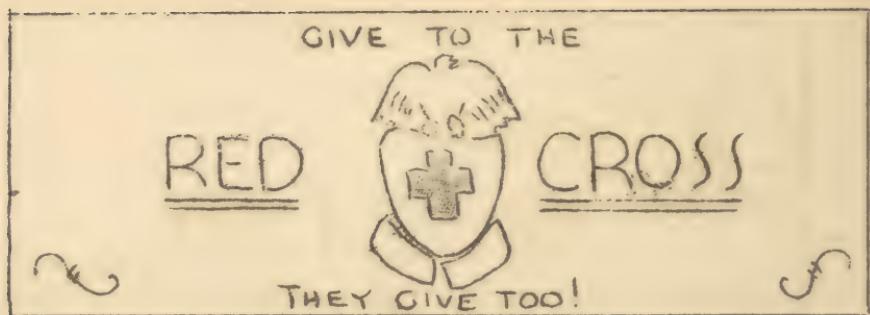
By Maj. Wiel

This month saw the departure of CAPTAIN C. RAY WILLIAMS, who left for Goldsboro, N.C. Captain Williams has been at the hospital for over a year and for many months has been in charge of the Flight Surgeon's Office. He was a man who combined great ability with extreme modesty. His work was always of the highest quality. He was extremely popular with his fellow Medical Officers and with the Flying Officers on the field; and he was an ardent and expert gunman. The best wishes of the Officers and Enlisted Staff of the Hospital go with Captain Williams in his new assignment.

LT. and MRS. MARTIN spent the Christmas holidays in Old Chicago. It is expected that on the next trip home they will be accompanied by a guest. The Stork promises to make several other visits to the members of the Medical and Dental Staff.

LT. WILLIAM L. JEFFRIES spent a few days as a patient in the Hospital and learned how it feels to be on the other side of the Medical fence.

The flowers this month go to MRS. McDONALD, wife of LT. McDONALD, a student officer at this field, who during her stay has devoted her mornings to serving as a voluntary Nurses Aid in the O.B. Dept., and who regularly devotes one afternoon a week to folding bandages for the Red Cross. Quiet, cheerful, and pleasant in her work, she has added a pleasant atmosphere to the O.B. Department. The work which she is doing should serve as an example to other wives stationed at this field.



Ye Editor is taking the liberty of borrowing this space in order to pay tribute to a swell organization, the American Red Cross.

The Medical Department personnel, together with the patients in the hospital join in giving thanks for the Xmas party staged by the Red Cross at the hospital under the supervision of Mr. WILLIS O. JONES, MRS. W. L. MARTIN of the Sebring Red Cross, and fellow co-workers.

This party, highlighted by music, singing, dancing and organized games, plus gifts for all, was a huge success. Those who were unable to attend missed a 4-star shindig.

To a GI, the Red Cross is like a big brother, helping him over the rough spots of Army life and coming to his aid when personal problems threaten to engulf him.

The Red Cross is to be highly commended for its achievements at this field, and for the important part it plays in the Convalescent Training Program.

But there is a fellow at this field who is better able to tell you what the words Red Cross mean. He is none other than the Director of their activities here and his name is MR. WILLIS O. JONES.

Carry on, Sir, from now on, this column is all yours.



Nursesettes By Miss Hobby

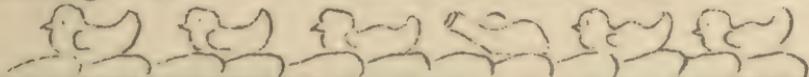
We are very happy to add to our Nurse's Staff LTS. MADIE BRYAN and VIOLET JONES, who reported to this station for duty Jan. 3, 1944. In a conversation with MISS JONES, we find she's looking for a tall dark and handsome man. He is to be 6 feet 2 inches, dark hair, blue eyes, lot of personality, and the owner of a Buick convertible. Also stated she'd settle for much less. And if I don't miss my guess she'll have to or be found wanting. Here's wishing you best of luck LT. JONES.

LTS. COLLINS and BORDENCA are enjoying a leave at home before departing this station to enter their adventures in the Air Evacuation Unit. We will miss them even though they've been here only a short time. Best of luck girls, may you be the best of Air Evacuation Nurses.

LT. TAYLOR enjoyed a very delicious meal in Tampa the other night. She thinks the Columbia has much better meals than the Station Hospital. How about asking someone to go along next time? Your correspondent would gladly accept.

Quoting LT. MARTIN, "have you seen Miss HOBBY's face? A very unlikely story she tells. I ask you does that become a 1st Lt?" It was lots of fun, Miss MARTIN, up to that point.

If anyone is interested in a very appetizing meal, get an invitation to dine with Miss VAN ES the next time she has Blue Jay and gravy. She says, "There's nothing better than a Blue Jay fried a golden brown."



BOY SCOUT QUIZ

by
Carroll

1. What is the greatest recorded ocean depth? ? 
2. Of the 32 Presidents, which was the oldest when he died? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
3. Who won the Pineapple Bowl Game in 1942? *
4. How many gallons of water would a container with an inside measurement of one foot on all sides, hold? *
5. What major college coach later became President of the United States? *
6. Who is at present, Chief of the Army Service Forces? *
7. What is Osteomyelitis? *
8. What form of address is used when writing to the President of the Senate of the United States? *
9. In the language of a journalist, what does the symbol "30", mean? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

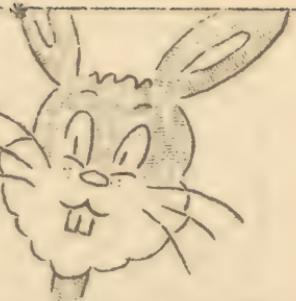
????GUESS WHO????

I wish I was a great big rock, ?
A - sittin on a hill. ?
Doing nothin' all day long ?
But just a-sittin' still. ?
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't sleep. ??
I wouldn't even wash. ?
But set and set a thousand years, ?
And rest myself, by gosh! ?

(Answers on Page 14)



Voice of SEX-PERIENCE



Dear Voice:

For years, my wife and I lived together in that well known state of wedded bliss. That was pre-Frank Sinatra. When this swoon crooner appeared on the horizon, a sudden change came over her. From a loving, dutiful, housewife evolved a mate who eats, drinks and breathes Sinatra. Spends all my money buying his records, and before she can sleep, our bedroom must echo with the strains of "Night and Day". But the other night she pulled a stunt which is the last straw. I went hunting in the drawer for some fresh underwear when, to my dismay, I found it bare of this essential article. Querying my wife as to the whereabouts of my tights, she answered, "Well, I read in the paper that the girls steal poor Frank's drawers off the clothesline, so I sent him yours". I had to press into service an old pair I had been using to shine my shoes. And speaking of shoes, the next morning when I reached for my Sunday pair, I found that they had been "delaced". It seems that they steal his shoe laces, too. These fans of Sinatra might carry this thing too far, and before I know it I'll be cavorting in a nudist colony. Please help me and hurry your answer for I am on the verge of wrapping this babe up and sending her off to Sinatra for him to feed.

Gypsy Rose Braswell

Due to the seriousness of Gypsy Rose's predicament and the lengthy answer, the Voice will solve this boy's problem next issue.

TALKING SPORTS



st. By

Cpls. Nick "Dello" & "Mick" Monetta

SPORTS IN THE PATIENTS' CONVALESCENT AND REHABILITATION PROGRAM. The dictionary definition of the word "exercise" is, "to train by use, mental or physical developement", etc. Sports, which are a form of exercise, are playing a major role in the mental and physical developement in the Patient Rehabilitation Program, in helping to regain the use of broken and distorted limbs. Here at the hospital, many patients can be seen playing ball and engaging in various sports that are neither strenuous nor which cause too much exertion on the part of the patient. The result in most cases are very gratifying. That these sports do pay dividends is attested to by the fact that the patient learns to use his limbs again, as near in the natural manner as possible, and in a manner most enjoyable to him. An example is Glenn Cunningham, the great "miler" and one of the most outstanding figures in the sports world, who turned to running to regain the use of his legs after he had been badly burned in an accident. A good deal of credit for the success of the program should go to P.F.C. LESTER BALL, who has been doing a bang-up job.

TENNIS COURT OR NOT!!!!

For some time now there has been a clamoring on the part of the EM for a Tennis Court. We,

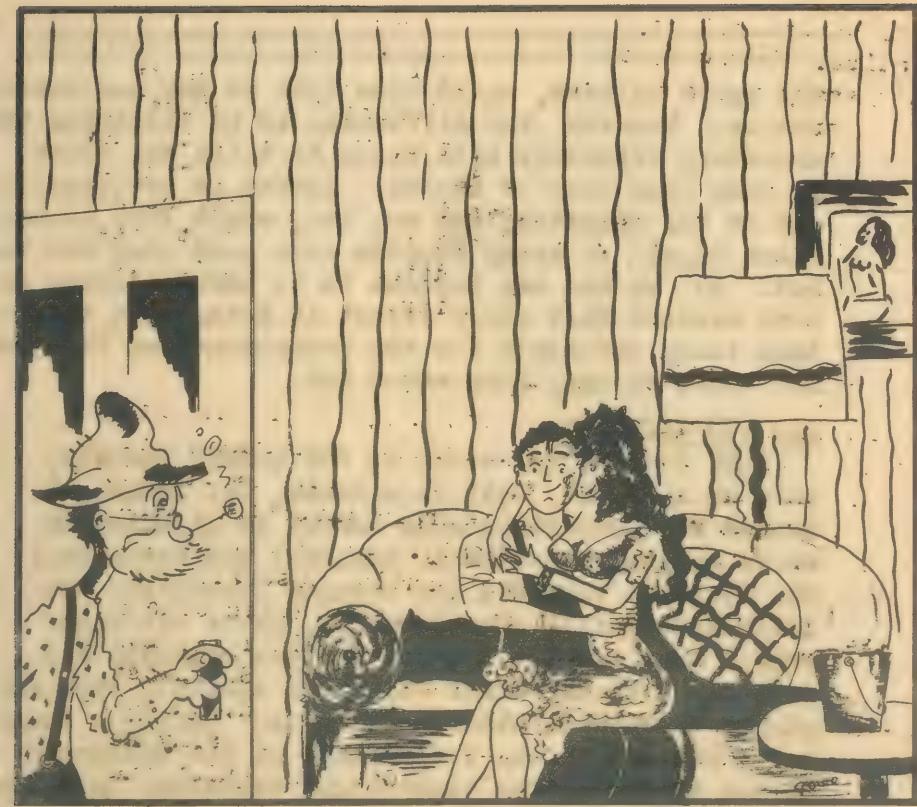
the sport editors, would also like to see one materialize. However, the difficulty is in obtaining the necessary materials with which to build the court. We must have clay or cement. Cement is practically out of the question, and we, too, would like to know where in all of sandy Florida some good clay can be had. All we can say fellows is to have patience and rest assured that every effort is being made to obtain these materials for the detachment and the tennis court so many have asked for.

DID YOU KNOW????

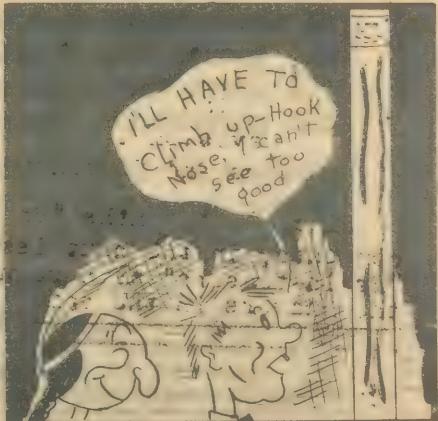
Our star of the month is SGT LONNIE CARLTON, born on April 21, 1917 in Atlanta, Ga. Lonnie attended the Commerical High School in Atlanta, Ga., where he played football, baseball and basketball. The football team won the Georgia Interstate Athletic Association championship. After his high school days the Sgt. played sandlot baseball and football with the Grant Park Aces Athletic Club and played basketball with the Y.M.C.A. In 1933, Lonnie boxed his way to the semi-finals of the Southeast Golden Gloves in the lightweight division. Quite an accomplishment. He was inducted into the army August 8, 1941 at Fort McPherson, Ga. The quiet and unassuming Lonnie is one of the ablest and most efficient men of the detachment, and also, one of the most rabid sports enthusiasts. He is a member of the detachment basketball team, and engages in all sports with a skill that enables him to stand out above the average player. His favorite hobby? You guessed it. Sports.

(Answer to last months brain-teaser: Brooklyn & Boston Braves in 1920 played a 26 inning game lasting 3 hours and 50 minutes, ending in a 1 to 1 tie.)

Since last months "Brain-teaser" drew favorable comments, in the next issue of "Medics" we will have "Brain-teasers" as a regular monthly feature with the answers in the same edition.

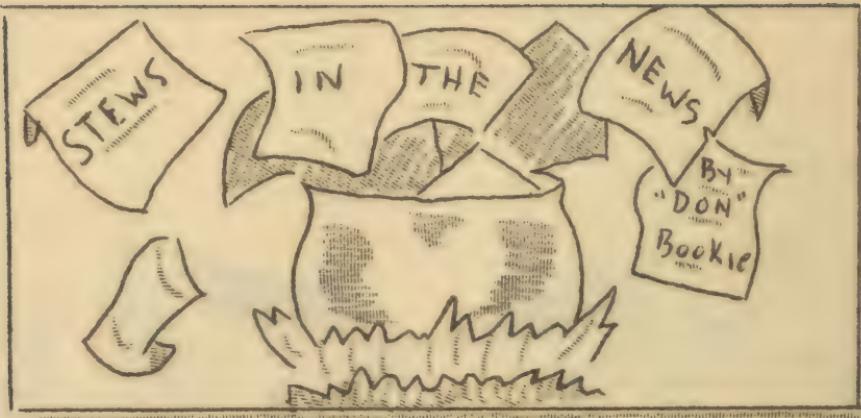


ONE IN A MILLION



- By Sot. Rowe





WHAT PRICE TARAWAS???

On the heels of President Roosevelt's stirring message calling for greater sacrifices on the home front and disclosing the success of his recent conferences with Allied leaders, the following was reported by the United Press.

Detroit, Dec. 24 (UP)—Premature celebration of Christmas closed the Continental Motors Corp. plant Friday as company officials charged men and women workers on two shifts were too intoxicated to even attempt precision work.

"So many of approximately 6,000 workers on day and afternoon shifts showed up intoxicated that it was necessary to close the factory," a spokesman said. "To have worked might have ruined vast quantities of valuable materials."

Officials were hopeful that the next shift might show up sober as production is scheduled to continue through Christmas day.

(Suggested sobering up thought: Donald Nelson's statement that it would take 1000 workers, working 40 hours a week, one year, to replace the 60 bombers lost in a single raid over Europe recently.) News of this kind is great for morale--Hitler's and Tojo's. Will make excellent propaganda for Goebbels to feed to the waning morale of his own people as proof that all America isn't at war. An American offense being checked even before it

gets under way. (Something like a guy going to bat with two strikes on him, a cinder in his eye and the umpire his landlord. Let's be thankful that the hangover is localized.)

Excerpt from Information Letter—Army Air Forces Convalescent-Rehabilitation Training Program.
One Year.

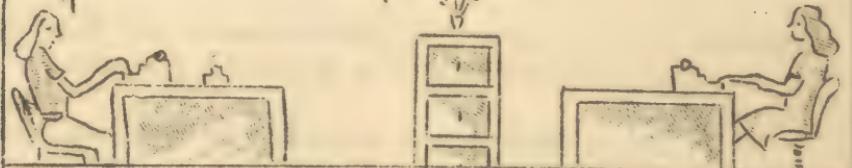
The Convalescent Training Program in Army Air Forces completes its first year of active operation on 14 December 1943. A year ago it had its inception at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. The basic principles upon which Convalescent Training was instituted are just as sound and fundamental today as they were twelve months ago. Experience with over 20,000,000 man hours has proved the need for such a program. Numerous research projects now being developed will give a more detailed picture as time goes on. Keeping mind and body occupied during convalescence has worked wonders...but we repeat now that, to be successful, CONVALESCENT TRAINING MUST BEGIN THE MOMENT THE PATIENT IS OVER HIS ACUTE STAGE OF ILLNESS AND CONTINUE TO THE SUCCESSFUL RETURN OF THE SOLDIER TO DUTY....

(The Convalescent Training Program at this station hospital has shown remarkable results, and rapid strides are being made to further its development. Too much stress cannot be placed on the importance of this training)

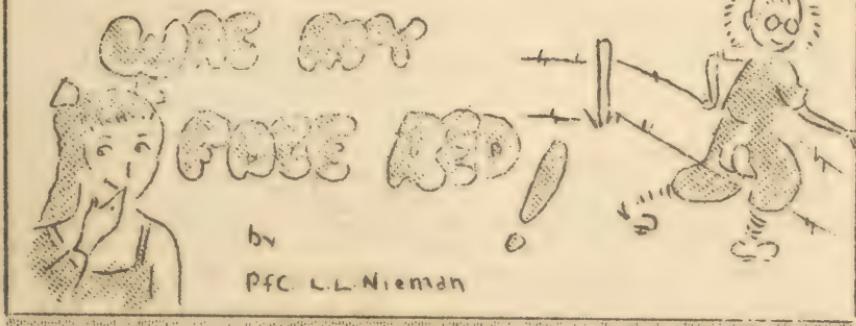
Aside to the Training Dept. Still trying to learn how a goldbricking patient wrangles a PT excuse.

Personelites.

By Jonsie



The excitement of the holidays has finally dwindled, but it has left many happy memories for every one. DOROTHY MURRAY thinks that she had the best time in Panama City. (What, again, DOROTHY?) Running a close second were BECKY FLEMING, NIMI LESLIE and JONSIE, meaning me, of course, in the wilds of West Palm Beach. JOYCE KENNEDY and BETTYE HOWARD visited BETTYE's family in Bartow, while MAXINE BRAVERMAN took off for Orlando. However, there was no shortage of parties in Sebring. Ask DOT SEFRNA....Why does PEGGY VAN ES want foreign duty so much - in England? Guess the V-mail notes don't bring enough news often enough, huh, PEG?....JANE GICK took a day off to move into her own house in the Highland Homes section. Let us know when you have a house warming, JANE.....Have you seen JOYCE KENNEDY's newest addition to her earring collection? Well, you should! And what's this about JOYCE AND BETTYE HOWARD dating the same Officer. Don't let it break up your fine friendship, girls.....We understand that BECKY FLEMING is better known as MYBECKY with a select group in Avon Park. She and DOT SEFRNA have been leading this bunch a merry chase recently.....We're all glad that RACHEL WOOTEN and FLO COPE are back at work after being bitten by the flu bug. Now we're hoping for NIMI LESLIE's quick recovery.....MR. B. has set up housekeeping in an apartment on the Field since no rooms in town were available. When will the etchings be installed, MR. B.?



The other day your writer noticed a strange incident of what he termed a red face. A cat peered at an object on the lawn. Cautiously, he approached it and attacked with a ferocious leap. Instead of clenching a bird as expected, it was only a sweet potato. Greatly embarrassed, he sheepishly gazed about, then scampered away.

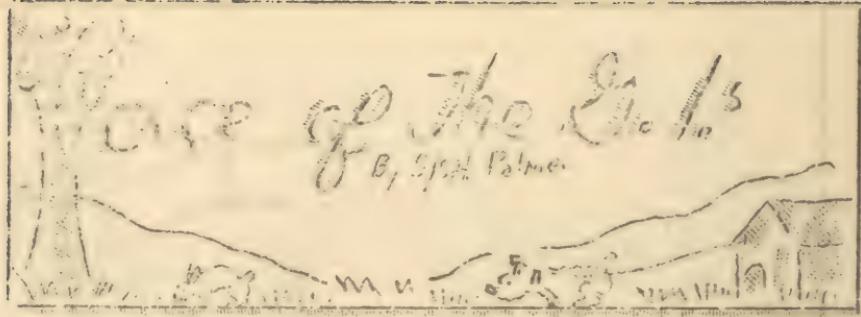
Have you ever waited fifteen minutes for a Sebring bus? Then, when reaching the gate, discover that you have forgotten your pass. I wonder what was on that WAC's mind?

One of our corporals held the hand of a WAC corporal before handing her a prescription. After she had gone, a major who had witnessed the incident said, "I'm surprised, and you a married man".

I felt sorry for a lad who had a bad case of stutters one day during a class period at school. When answering a question, he had trouble with the word situation. He added a "ch" sound to the first syllable and kept on stammering for about five minutes.

And then there's the one about

CENSORED!



The holidays have come and gone and most of us have settled back to the old routine again; but not without a few headaches.

The past Christmas party was quite a success after getting away to a slow start. There was plenty of beer, eats, and potato chips, and even some to spare. Isn't that unusual? The jitterbug Waltz, Fox Trot and Polka contests were high class and some fancy steps were shown. JOHN KLEINIESKI, with his mouth organ, and the team of PIPES and MATERA, put on quite a side show on the sun porch. Later in the evening some of the G.I.'s and their dates gave out with some harmony plus. The only drawback was the next day when Ward One had to be cleaned. It was somewhat of a mess, and more bottles were broken than seemed necessary. Just remember, fellows, all the breakage has to be paid for and that means less for the next party. Let's try to be a little more careful next time.

First Sergeant DUERR came back from furlough looking fit and ready for almost anything. Claims his mother's cooking added the ten new pounds he is sporting around. Other sources say, however, that maybe one of his lost sheep has come back to the fold, and all is like it used to be.

CHARLIE, King Kong, FOUNTAIN returned from Phila., Pa., a married man. Bet a lot of the young ladies are heart broken. Why can't we all have curly hair?

We hear that Sgt MOON, Cpl LECH and Cpl SPFFER had some time New Year's Eve, and that Wauwaua was

plenty glad to see them leave. We are still wondering how Sgt MOORE broke his hand.

Pvt QUERNER, the detachment tailor has been swamped the last week or so, since the Post Administrative Inspector ruled that it was mandatory to have stripes on all clothes except the raincoat. There were supposed to be stripes on all clothes for Saturday's inspection, but most of them were in Querner's shop, including your correspondents, when Saturday rolled around.

A lot of the boys were surprised the other morning when they fell out of the cross country run at Physical Training class. All those who failed to cross the finish line were gently, but firmly, informed that they would receive no credit for that period. Now, it is required that everyone physically able is to put in at least three one hour periods of physical training a week, and these lads had to make it up Saturday afternoon or spend the week-end in camp. Most of the boys were seen in town Saturday night.

Cpl MATTER was a civilian soldier for two weeks during the holidays and could be seen sprinting for Sebring every night and dragging himself back every morning. Didn't you envy the little lady being able to sleep until noon every day, Vance.

Pfc ORAN WAKEFIELD, is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy, the second boy born to members of this detachment. Come on, fellows, let us in on the secret of your success.

Whifflebird has been too busy getting ready to go on furlough to make a report in this issue, but promises to make a full report next time.





"I Can Read it, But be dam if I
can pronounce it".

JUDY BOLLINGER is having her second furlough since joining the WACS, and is paying her respects to the town of Cramerton, North Carolina. The Chamber of Commerce should really be proud of its loyal citizen, eh, Judy!

MARGIE, for your own benefit, a hint to the wise should be sufficient. Your Sgt T. W. was under the impression that he married a cook. How about that!

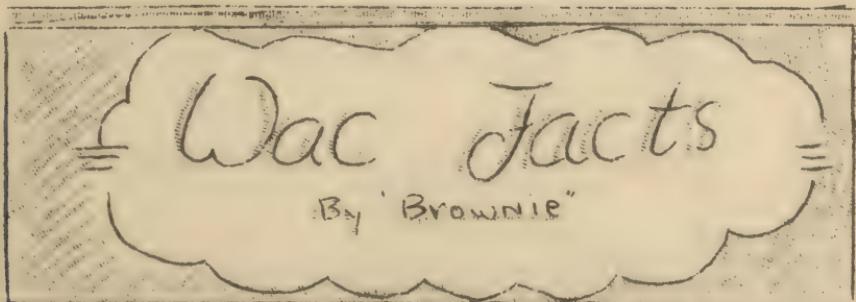
MARGARET FLEMING went on a three-day pass to Miami to see her hubby. Hated to leave him, so she brought him back to Sebring. This is one spot where the Army and Navy are clicking together.

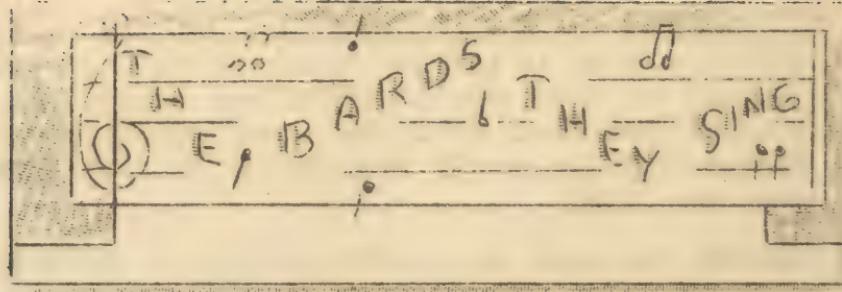
Notice to J.P. It's a good trick if you can do it, but you have to pay for chicken dinners even if there is a war going on. It's nice to have friends though, isn't it?

Say, THEAKER, what's this about a comming furlough, or must we not quote you on that remark?

A majority of the WAC's in the Med. Det. are Pfc's. We are not bucking Corporal but, Brother, we are praying for Corporal.

FLASH! PFC MADY BROWN is off again! (No, I don't mean that.) FLASH! PFC MADY BROWN is now spending 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ days (not a furlough) at Ft. McPherson, Ga. This time its for a course in Clinical Microscopy. Happy learnings, MADY!





INTRUSION

Walking alone in the silent night,
Awed in the stillness of nature's might,
Startled by voices in the air
Protesting intrusion into their lair,
Flashing a warning to the breeze
Requesting her to shake the trees
So that the sleeping leaves might rise
And help to put the others wise.
The bustling conjecture of the grass
Echoes in whispers as I pass,
Decrying the sound of stranger's tread
Stealing across their earthly bed.
The darkness resounded in hostile ire,
Wailing notes in somber choir
Chorusing resentment at being slighted
Rebuking footsteps uninvited.
Tenderly I calmed their mounting fright
Speaking of him who was the Light,
That my eyes came not to peer
And pry away their secrets dear.
They smiled and gave an approving nod
Glad I had come to converse with God.

DON BOOKIE

THAT YOUNGSTER DIED FOR ME

The bell has tolled
For another soul -
I wonder who it can be;
A flag-draped casket?
Oh, my God,
Another has died for me!

I look in the paper
And read his name;
His age, not yet twenty-three!
I look at my selfish heart, ashamed
Of the terrible things I see.

I've just been saying
That ten per cent's
A stiff tax for liberty,
Yet this boy gave
His precious life
For a greedy old fool like me!

Oh, flag-draped casket,
You challenge my right
To live in this land of the free,
Where the bell just tolled
For another soul -
For a youngster who died for me!

Maude Ryan.

They strolled down the lane at twilight,
The sky was covered with stars.
They reached the gate in silence,
He lifted down the bars.

She neither smiled nor thanked him,
Because she knew not how
For he was just a farmer boy
And she -- a jersey cow.

(Author Unknown)

DEAR

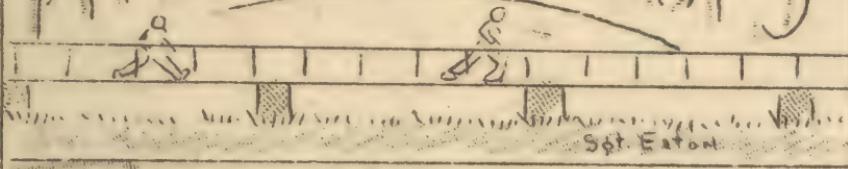


MAX

You know my girl, Betty, the one who gave me a money belt for a birthday gift? Well, the other night I was sitting in the kitchen with her and her mom, gabbing about everything in general, when her mom casually remarked that Betty always went to bed with a pet frog. You can imagine what a revelation of this kind did to me! All at once I was amazed, flabbergasted, bewildered and floored for the count. Recovering some, I laughingly said to my Angel; "Honey, after we're married you'll have to get rid of the frog. I'm crazy about frog legs but I prefer a plate to a Simones." Evidently she didn't find this crack funny, for she said, "Xavier, I can't go to sleep without the frog, so that's that." I thought I'd drop the conversation before she waxed too violent about her pet. You know, Mom, Brooklynites have been accused of being slap-happy (among other things) but I never heard of anyone up there being frog happy, and it's the first time I ever heard of a guy having a frog for a competitor in love. I suppose I could humour her now and after we're married do a dissecting job on her bed companion, but right this minute I am a worried woer. This could lead into bigger things. Suppose she got a crush on an alligator, or decided to have Frank Buck for a boarder. Do you think I should put my foot down and make her decide between me and the frog, or do you think it would be too humiliating if the frog won out. Please help me. Your loving son,

XAVIER

RAMPING THE RAMPS



Sgt. Eaton

PICK THE WINNER: Who's going to judge the winner of the laugh dance staged at the recent detachment party. I'm still chuckling over the sight of PVT QUERNER draped around the Christmas Tree and PFC NIEMAN dancing with the grace of a bricklayer climbing a ladder with a full load aboard.

LIFE'S DISAPPOINTMENTS: PFC CARDWELL had his heart set on a model midget car, only to find out they are taboo for the duration.

TIRE RATIONING SOLVED: The air raid wardens had better hide their pails of sand. CPL SHAFFER is filling his tires with sand in order to get the "Blue Streak" out the gate and on the road to Avon.

TIME MARCHES ON: Wonder how long it will take CPL BUTTS to teach PFC LA DUCER that Snow Hill drawl?

SILENCE IS GOLDEN: All those who haven't broken their New Year's resolutions, say aye!

CAMP FIRE BOYS: Anyone who has the inside dope on SGT HAMMER's and CPL FOUNTAIN's recent bivouac adventure, please get in touch with this reporter. I thought Paul Revere was the only one to go horseback riding at three in the morning. Could it be that the boys felt the call of the CENSORED???



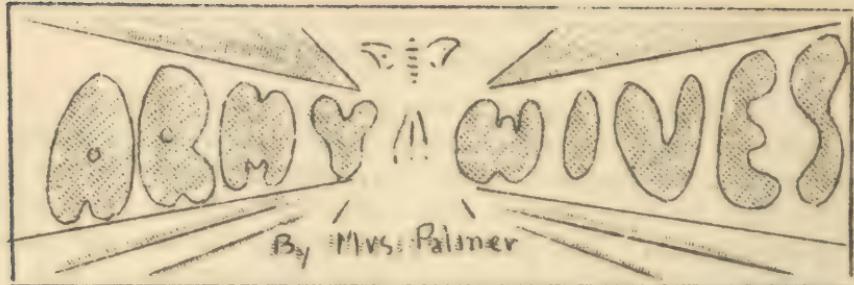
"WE MARCH TO VICTORY"

I have been given the privilege on behalf of the Medical Detachment of Hendricks Field to give the "Salute to the Infantry" No tribute is too great to pay to the men of the Infantry. That is a fore-conclusion. The Infantry, lacking lustre and romantic appeal, is the outcast of all the services, and the realization of the importance of this fighting arm is often overlooked. Yet we find that no objective can be taken without the foot soldier, no piece of ground can be held without the foot soldier, and no surrender of the enemy can be had without the crippling of his foot soldiers. Today, as never before, we can begin to see clearly the role played by the infantry.

It is establishing itself as the principle weapon, the core, around which is built other units which enables it to become an army. It was the Infantry who chased Rommel, the "Desert Fox", out of Africa and made it the prelude to the invasion of Hitler's Fortress Europe. It is the Infantry that is steadily pushing back the Nazi divisions in Italy, and at this writing, have hammered their way to within a short distance of the City of Rome. It was the Infantry who hurled the enemy back from the very gates of Stalingrad which became the start of the greatest land offensive in the history of the world. On Attu and on Kiska in the Aleutians, it was the Infantry who chased the Nips from their holes, erasing the threat of a Japanese invasion on our West Coast. The losses in personnel suffered by the Infantry are staggering and is by far the greatest of all other branches of the service.

In the final analysis it will be the Infantry who will put the "finishing touches" to the Axis aggressors and drive them back into their Berlin and Tokyo holes.

Cpl. Nicholas F. Dello



RHETA MATTER, wife of CPL VANCE MATTER, of the Sanitation Department, was born and raised in the city of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, way back in the good old days. She is better known as Sudsey, a nickname given her by a girl friend while attending elementary school.

Suds entered the John Harris High School, and then attended Thompson business college in Harrisburg for one year, mastering the secretarial course.

She is now employed at the Mutual Life Insurance Company in Harrisburg where she has been working for a period of five years. Suds met Cpl. Matter when out with a friend of his. The next week Vance centered his attention on a telephone call and has been in a rut for seven long years. What's that song, "Seven Years with the Wrong Woman is more than one Man can stand".

Her only ambition is for the war to be over so her husband can come home to live. Some people are gluttons for punishment.

Favorite spectator sport is football. She has participated in school plays and likes to play tennis. Pet Peeve: Vance's scraping his feet on the floor and howling like a wolf. Ah, me!







it was like the sun trying to pierce a dark cloud. She must stay happy even if her head were swimming and she had no appetite. Frank must have a happy picture to take with him. Now he was gone and she had to face another life. A life all alone.

The baby came late one night, and she would never forget that wild ride to the hospital in a taxi. At times she wondered if she could hold out long enough.

All that was past, and now she faced the prospect of being ejected from her little room, baby and all. Was this kind of life worth living? Wouldn't it be much easier to give up and quit all together? Had not people committed suicide for less than this? Yes, that would be the perfect solution.

She woke with a start as a shrill scream split the air. Thomas was crying and fretting as she picked him up and held him close to her heart. Could he have known what she was dreaming? It seemed as though a hidden source of strength and joy was filling her as she quieted and soothed her baby. Yes, life was worth living. She could face it. Can You?

"FAITH" BY S/SGT JAMES E. PALMER WAS THE NUMBER ONE SELECTION OF THE JUDGES IN THE \$25.00 WAR BOND SHORT STORY CONTEST.

SECOND PRIZE WAS WON BY CPL. FRANCIS X. NEWMAN AND THIRD PRIZE BY PFC B. V. CARDWELL

THE COCKTAIL HOUR (in parody)

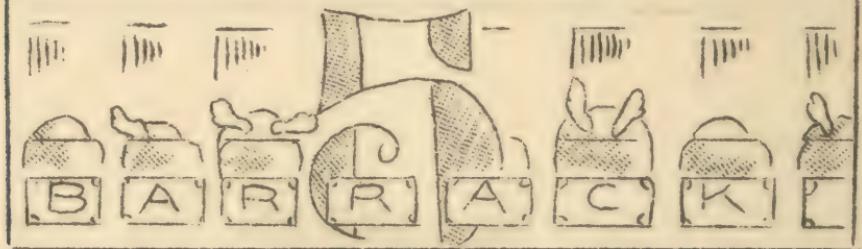
Between the dark and the daylight
When everyone feels pretty sour,
Comes a lull for a lively libation
That is known as the cocktail hour.

Then's when the orange trees blossom
And lemons appear by the score,
The icebox is merry with music
And cracker crumbs cover the floor.

The Bicardi flows like Niagara
The gin bottle gurgles its tune
The grenadine's pink as a rosebud,
Rare as a day in June.

The ice has the shaker all frosted
The glasses go clinkety-clink,
And when the first cocktail goes in you
You know that you've guzzled a drink.

The feeling of joy sneaks upon you
The black flag of trouble is furled
In other words, baby, you're cockeyed
And everything's right with the world!



CPL MACK really believes in using his head as a rack for questionable hats these days. On a recent visit to Lakeland, Fla., he was stopped by an M.P. (who knew MACK belonged to the Medics) for wearing a light green braid on his cap. The Cpl. kept insisting the braid was maroon. (Color Blindness???) But when it comes to searching out those dazzling numbers, the boy's vision is strictly 20/20.

"Dr. Hep Cat", who is none other than PFC CHARLES H. FREEMAN, your Barracks 5 correspondent, is now spending a well earned furlough with his wife. Our best to you.

Friend PFC MCKELTON, the sleepy, stuttering fellow, isn't as dreamy as one is to believe. Look out, boys, he's turned out to be another Winchell keyholer. Thanks loads, Mac. You've put one over on the boys and helped out the column.

Seems that PFC WILLIE POE must have found a loved one in Sebring. He's the first to sign the pass list these days.

PFC EDDIE ROSIER(Baby Face), who just got himself hitched, is on that long awaited furlough with his young bride. A HONEYMOON?? We wish you a swell time.

PVT EDDIE WELCH, a real hunk of man was one of the top ranking fellows in the physical fitness tests. Seems he has decided to add crooning to his accomplishments. Does it all day long and practices now in his sleep. Or could this be an awakening of excessive spirit for that certain girl just arrived from New York.

Now that the holidays are over, and our good times

with Boogie Woogie put to rest, we are ready for another year of work.

My best wishes for the coming year to you all, and may we continue to be together in our work.

"Jive Boy"

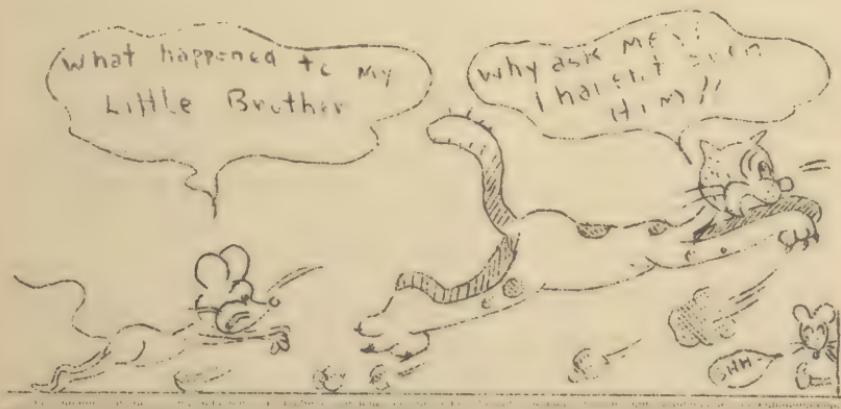
CPL. WILLIE J. USSERY

F - L - A - S - H ! "Here comes Dr. HEP CAT" --- I am back on the job once again. My thanks go to CPL WILLIE USSERY for pinch hitting for me while I was on furlough enjoying 14 days of glorious life in the "City of 7 Hills", better known as Rome, Georgia. From there we spent a few days in that grand city of Jacksonville, Florida. The night spots were jumping, so naturally I had to let myself go to the music of Earl (father) Hines.

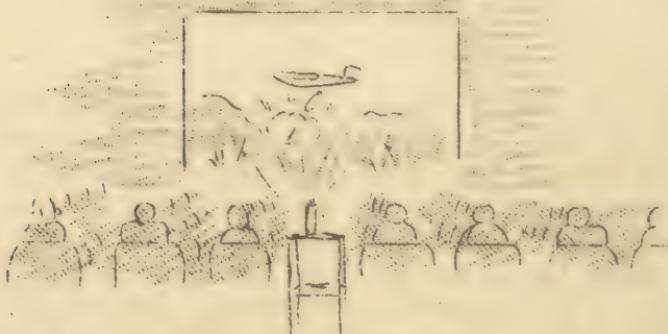
I see PFC EDDIE ROSIER, JIM RICHARDSON and PVT TEAMUS JONES returned from furlough on a prayer. The wings have been shot away. What about me? Well, I was brought in by my wife.

So long, until next time when I will come your way. Watch for "Lazy Bones", created by DR. HEP CAT.

Good night all, I must rest up after such a big time furlough.



CONVALESCENT TRAINING PROGRAM AND RECREATION FOR PATIENTS



The early part of January 1943 marked the beginning of the Convalescent Training Program in the Hendricks Field Hospital. During the year approximately 4136 man-hours of physical training and approximately 4003 man-hours of educational training and recreation were given to the patients. This does not include the time spent by patients, at their own inclination, in the recreation ward provided for them in this hospital. The recreation ward contains a pool table, ping pong table, shuffleboard set, croquet set, dart games, card tables, dominoes, Chinese chess and other games; also, magazines, newspapers, airplane identification pictures and models, and a library. Nor does the training time mentioned include the hours spent by the patients in reading books carried around to them on a little "library cart". This service was rendered during the early part of the year by a Red Cross



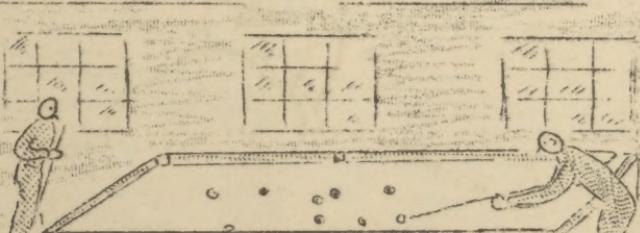


worker and after May by the Chief Nurse or her representative. The training and recreational program consisted of: Daily News Summary & Orientation, Training Films, Lectures, Calisthenics, Supervised Games, Ward Fatigue Duties, Music by Post Band, Special Service GI Movies, Red Cross Full Length Movies, Prescribed Reading & Study and USO Camp Shows. Other forms of entertainment, furnished by the Red Cross, were Bingo Parties, a Thanksgiving Party, and a Christmas Party.

* * * * *

ASIDE TO PATIENTS: Just because you are sick and in the hospital you have not been scratched off the list of potential fighting men. Your training is still carried on!

AAF Memo. 25-9 provides for a Convalescent Training Program in all AAF Hospitals. This program is designed to prepare patients for full military duty by carefully supervised physical training and by a course of military instruction, and is being carried out to the letter in this Hospital.



ANSWERS TO "DO YOU KNOWS"

(With added corn, shake well before using)

1. 35,400 feet (can you feet-ture that!)
2. John Adams lived to the age of 91.
(Some guys get all the breaks)
3. No one. The game was a pre-war Honolulu feature and for obvious reasons was not played. (All that meat and no pineapples)
4. $7\frac{1}{2}$ gallons (pure corn)
5. Thomas Woodrow Wilson, who was head coach for Princeton.
6. Lt. Gen. Mahon Somervell
7. Progressive disintegration of bone
(Who said you were a bone head?)
8. The Honorable, The President of the Senate of the United States; or The Honorable _____, President of the Senate.
9. THE END

GUESS WHO: Cpl T. F. NICKEL (A tired soldier)



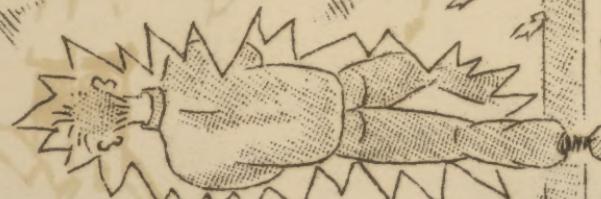


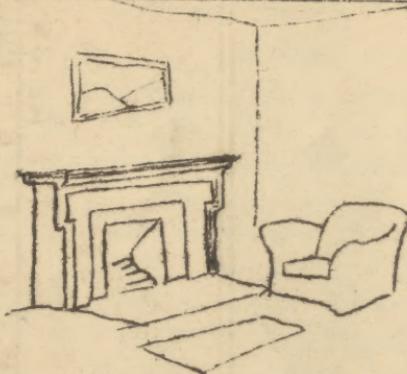
ЭНТ
ДОИТАН
МЯРГ
OPTICIAN

WALK IN

Rowe

306





THE NATION'S STRENGTH



I know three things must always be
To keep a nation strong and free.
One is a hearth stone bright and dear,
With busy, happy loved ones near.
One is a ready heart and hand
To love, and serve, and keep the land.
One is a worn and beaten way
To where the people go to pray.
So long as these are kept alive,
Nation and people will survive.
God, keep them always, everywhere,
The hearth, the flag, the place of prayer.

— Anonymous

